

\$100 The GIRL IN BLACK \$100

He looked, indeed, far more as Roderick had appeared a month earlier than Roderick himself now did.

"He is your twin brother, Mr. Van Nostrand," went on Mother Rebekah. "The son of your parents. The story is long and the details do not concern you. I will be brief and tell you all you really need to know."

"The two brothers, their mutual hatred for the moment lost in curiosity, leaned forward, tense with interest to hear her."

"My daughter—my only daughter," began Mother Rebekah, "loved a rich man—a Buene. He met her at this very camp over a quarter century ago. He was of this city. He came out here to look at our camp. He met and loved my daughter. He was honorable and married her. They ran away to be married, for I forbade the match knowing that no good can come of mating the Romany to the Buene. He soon tired of her and she was unhappy in his great house. In less than a year she gave birth to twin sons and died. I did not know there were twins, but supposed there was only one child. I sent a trusty messenger to steal it and bring it to me. I knew its father had tired of my daughter and I feared he would neglect or ill-treat her child. My messenger gained secret access to the house, found the baby asleep in its cradle and stole it during the nurse's absence from the room. So great was his haste and fear of detection that he did not notice a second cradle at the other end of the room. He brought the child here. Later, through other emissaries, I learned that there were two children. The second was so carefully guarded after the disappearance of the first that I could not get hold of it. The city was scoured for a trace of the lost baby, but he was safe here. The father, dreading publicity, never made known to any one save private detectives the theft of the child. Nor was it generally known that twins had been born."

"And I was the child you stole?" gasped Shaun Lovell. "You robbed me of my heritage and made me a gypsy beggar, curse you!"

"I took you away to save you from harm," said the old woman. "Later, when I found your father was showering kindness and affection on his remaining son, Roderick, I repeated and would have taken you to him but for two things. First, he would not have believed you were his missing child (there were no proofs), and second, because you grew up with all the worst, most violent, craftiest traits of both Romany and Buene. Here among the tents you did enough harm; but, turned loose on the world, with great wealth at your command, there would have been no limit to the evil you would have accomplished. You were better off with your own people. From every source, I heard that Roderick had inherited all the best traits of both his father and his gypsy mother. Even since his father's death he has made good use of his great fortune. I have acted wisely throughout, and for the best."

"And you think I am going to return to the tents, and to filth, miserable poverty, after once entering on my rightful heritage?" thundered Shaun. "Never! I claim my rights."

"You shall have them," interrupted Roderick impulsively, all his bitter grievances against the other forgotten for the moment in the rush of brotherly affection that surged up in his heart. "You shall have half the estate and I will acknowledge you everywhere as my brother."

The other, however, struck down Roderick's outstretched hand with a curse. "So you generously offer me half your wealth?" he sneered. "Well, as I happen to be in possession of all of it I refuse the offer. Your house and all your property are mine. I am acknowledged master in your home. Dare to return there or try to dispossess me and I will win against you as I won before. Claim the name and estate of Roderick Van Nostrand and death will look you in the eyes."

"Go now," interposed Mother Rebekah. "You have just had your last chance

woman you love. Forget this man. He shall never trouble you again. When you return to your house tonight he will not be there. Say nothing of his existence. You will soon live down the troubles his eccentric behavior to your friends will cause you. What are such annoyances compared with the happiness to be won from the love of this glorious girl?"

Meantime Shaun Lovell had hurried from the fortune teller's tent. His sole object was to await Roderick somewhere on the dark stretch of ground

near the camp as the young man should be starting homeward; and to kill him. Roderick, Shaun vowed, must never return to contest his twin brother's claim to the whole estate.

With a wild cry he threw up his arms and fell headlong into the campfire.

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A Romance of Six Girls' Love For One Man.

BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

Find the Heroine's Name. \$100 in Prizes.

FIRST PRIZE.....\$25
SECOND PRIZE.....10
13 OTHER PRIZES, EACH.....5

Retribution.

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"What have you done?" she wailed as she strove in vain to beat away the fire from the rapidly melting wax. "It was a wax figure of yourself, made with holy incantations by Mother Rebekah as the image should meet so its original should die! That was the charm. It is melting!"

Shaun Lovell, like most Romany, had implicit belief in the truth of the world-old superstition that death can be caused by the destruction of an image which has been properly moulded amid the right incantations.

But he remembered in a flash that the image was of Roderick, not himself, and he laughed aloud for sheer joy.

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"The Van Nostrand!" she exclaimed, naturally mistaking Shaun for Roderick, and wild with delight at being remembered by him.

"I love you, Lura," he whispered, passionately, gathering her to his breast.

With a gasp of incredulous joy the girl threw her arms about his neck. "Oh, I've always loved you ever since I first saw you ride past our camp!" she murmured, "but how wonderful it is that you should care for me, Roderick!"

The sound of his brother's name breathed so shyly yet so adoringly by Lura filled Shaun with a blind, jealous fury.

He stepped back from the girl. As he did so he saw she clasped to her hand a tiny waxen image. He could not see it clearly by the dim, elusive firelight.

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How to Find the Heroine's Name and Win One of the 15 Prizes.

THIS story ends to-day. A misspelled word in each chapter gives the clue to the girl's name, which is made up of the letters required to correct the misspelled words. How to find it will be shown in the accompanying blanks, which competitors are asked to fill and send immediately to the Editor, The Girl in Black Editor, Evening World, P. O. Box 1,354 New York City. Letters will be received up to 12 M. Saturday, Nov. 21, when the prizes will be awarded.

No. of Chapter.	Misspelled Word.	Corrected Word.	Letter.
1	LOFED	LOVED	V
2			
3			
4			
5			
6			
7			
8			
9			
10			

THE HEROINE'S NAME.....

Name of Sender.....

Address.....

What's Her Name?

CHAPTER X.

The End of the Quest.

THIS revelation was received by both men in wondering, incredulous silence. Each knew Mother Rebekah too well to imagine she had lied or spoken in jest. Besides, what but Nature herself could have accounted for the phenomenal likeness between the two men?

This resemblance was less marked to-night than it had been on the preceding evening. For Roderick's face bore the marks of fatigue, brain-weakness and excitement, while the flush of perfect health still shone in Shaun's fuller cheeks, and his face was free from lines.

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LOOK OUT FOR
The Girl in Red
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How Do You Keep Your Husband Home Nights?

Answer This Simple Question and Win \$25 in Prizes.

How to Keep Your Husband Home Nights.

THE EVENING WORLD offers the following prizes for the best answers to the above question:

A prize of \$10 for the longest number of years.

A prize of \$10 for the most convincing letter telling how to keep your husband home nights.

A consolation prize of \$5 to the woman who has tried the hardest and failed to keep her husband home nights.

Letters must not be over 175 words in length and must be written on one side of the paper only to receive attention. Address letters to "Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, Evening World."

Home Too Narrow for a Politician's Husband.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

My husband is a politician and he was born in the ward that we are living in. It is utterly impossible to keep him at home of an evening. About one or two nights during the month is the limit. His excuses are: Political meetings, debates, the lodge meeting or an engagement to meet an old friend. I certainly do all that I can to make home pleasant and attractive, but all to no purpose. When he is at home his thoughts seem to be "wool-gathering." Home seems to be a last resort for him. He says that he loves me, and I believe him, and I know that he is always out with male companions. He is good and kind in all other respects and never gets intoxicated, as they say all politicians do. I have about given up worrying about the matter, as I think that he is too much of a riddle to solve.

Mrs. H. W.

Shame on This Husband.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I will try my luck for your consolation prize. I am twenty-one years old and my husband goes out every night since we were married, and that nearly two years, and stays out in his home as late as 12 and 1 o'clock and leaves me home all alone. I go out working every day, and when I come home I do my housework to make it look nice, thinking he will stay at home, and I have tried very hard and every way, but I have not succeeded in keeping him home. I have no mother or father and have no one to go to, as he forbids me to go to anybody.

A DOWN-HEARTED WIFE.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I am a woman of nearly twenty-seven years of management of the genus homo I think my opinion of "how to manage to keep a husband home nights" is entitled to consideration. My plan was patience, patience, patience. To sum up in a few words, wait until he has arrived at or past middle life

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and you will not only have him wish to stay home nights but he will insist on your staying home with him both day and night whether you like it or not.

Mrs. W. C. P.

Treatment That Worked Like a Charm.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I THINK the best way for a wife to keep her husband home nights is to let him know that she is not going to let him go out just as he pleases. Then he will have all he can do to keep the baby quiet and he will forget all about going out.

Mrs. ABERG.

Simply a Question of Love.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I AM sure if the husband loves his wife devotedly he will also love his home and cherish both wife and home to worldly attractions. Also be his sweet heart as well as his wife. From one who has kept her husband home for the last twenty years.

A. A. C.

"No Place Like Home."

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

THINK kindness and love put together will keep any husband at home at night. We have been married twenty-two years and I have never had to speak once to him about being out. He says that he loves his home. When his day's work is done he is at home, always have his meals ready when he comes home, and try in every way to please him. I think that will keep my hubby at home. He says "No place like home" for him.